

Apparition Poems

#1550

I'm in your house:  
your husband, kids  
not home. A voice  
(yours) follows me  
around, playing on  
my body, until I'm  
in your bathroom,  
smoking butts on

a sunny spring day.  
Your body doesn't  
appear. It seems to  
me you're suspect,  
Steph, it seems to  
me you want too  
much. Then, you  
always said I was

a dreamer. What  
do we have past  
dreams anyway?  
What else is love?

ADAM FIELED

#1553

I see her head, not yours,  
on my pillow, dear, but I  
don't really see either one  
of you except as you were  
when you had no interest  
in my pillows: isn't it sad?